

THE FANCIES

THINGS OF INTEREST to WOMEN

THE WOMAN FLAT HUNTER

It depends which side of the fence you are on, of course, but the woman flat hunter is certainly an interesting specimen. And at this season of the year she seems to be as prolific as the proverbial flowers in May. She is interested in all sorts of apartments and she considers herself an adept at telling exactly what is what along that line.

Flat hunters of the genus female are divided into two classes—those who honestly want a flat, and those who do not. The first looks for apartments because she has to. The second does so because she is fond of rubber-necking and poking her own nose into other people's business. But, whichever motive prompts her, the female flat hunter is a happy woman—though she may vow and declare it's the most tiresome work she ever did.

Take the first species. Tea to one she simply has the moving fever, because it is springtime and familiarity with her own apartment has bred in her contempt for it. Or maybe Mrs. "Tom Jones" on the floor above her has found an apartment house only a few squares further up town where the same number of rooms can be gotten for 50 cents a month less, and she is going to move—and pay \$15 for moving—because it will be more economical in the long run!

The second species has no intention whatsoever of changing her abode. But she simply can't be left out of the procession of her friends who are looking for new apartments. Apartments unfurnished are of no particular interest to her. But the furnished ones are irresistible. She simply cannot miss the opportunity of seeing exactly what a woman whom she has never seen before has in her apartment. The woman has given notice that she desires to rent her apartment, and she comes number two for the second time to see the apartment. And she is entitled to examine everything in it from the second hand on the



mission clock to the nail in the kitchen on which the beer-opener is kept.

She sails right in with a supercilious air that makes the occupant of the flat desire to leave the nearest maid's chair at her untimely nose. She wants to know all about the apartment at once and asks questions after question, apparently considering it unnecessary to wait an answer to any of them.

"And this is your bedroom," she remarks patronizingly. "Isn't it a cute little place? But it doesn't leave you much room after you've put in your double bed, does it? Don't you find it awfully inconvenient having the bath at the other end of the apartment? Is that so? Yes, I suppose one can become accustomed to it in time, but I've always lived in such a large, airy house that I feel all shut in and crowded in here, for breath in these stuffy little apartments!"

And she rambles on thusly: The average amount of the gas bill—

mind you the average, not the actual amount—the quantity of electricity consumed, the possibility of getting along comfortably with only one maid instead of two, the approximate cost of running such an apartment, the habits of the neighbors above and below and across the hall—and a thousand and one things of this sort, which are none of her business, she considers absolutely essential information before she can decide whether she wants the flat or not.

As a parting shot, when the occupant is seriously constrained to shove her out in the hall and slam the door after her, she inquires the price desired.

"Why, it is the very cheapest thing I ever heard of," she comments in that superior tone. "I really don't see how you can afford to do it. Of course, though, if you had expensive furniture I don't suppose you would even consider the matter. Well, I thank you very much. The price is perfectly satisfactory to me—though I am willing to pay double that amount for an apartment that suits me. Good-bye!"

BREAKFAST IN BED

No longer need the woman of leisure have a guilty conscience about breakfasting in bed. If the statement of a German scientist is reliable, this blessed man among men has come out boldly and claimed that eating one's breakfast in bed is a positive benefit to the nerves and a good way to acquire a good disposition. The recommendation is, in a material aid to proper digestion. He even hints that in time many physicians will prescribe such a course of treatment for the tired housekeeper.

HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS

THE pan under the broiler of a gas range may be easily cleaned by sprinkling cornmeal upon it. Allow the cornmeal to absorb the grease and then scrape off with a cake turner. The pan should then be washed in hot water. Do not wash your milk bottles in hot water, as the heat drives the milk into the glass. A thorough rinsing in cold water, immediately after the bottle has been emptied is sufficient.

A new way of beating the yolks and whites of eggs together is to first beat the whites until light and then add the yolks and beat again.

A can of enamel paint will make any straw-colored waste-paper basket harmonize with your furniture and furnishings if you choose an appropriate color and apply it to the basket evenly.

A small strip of court plaster is applied to the tips of gloves turned inside out, with the sticky part toward the glove, they will wear longer.

A LITTLE NONSENSE

AS exemplified at the recent convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington a crowd of women can make things hum when they get together.

While man in his selfishness is criticizing women's hats and dresses, it would be well to call his attention to his cool-looking little wife, with her meshy waist, and contrast its appearance with that of the wilted collar and the conventional garment from which he cannot venture away.

It is a wise woman who prevails on her husband to put in the winter's coal supply at this season of the year and thereby escape the grows that will come with the advanced price in October.

Your youthful son will gladly lessen your labors by granting you permission to take a nap when you should be padding him.

THE FAMILY JAUNT AFIELD



SUMMER days will soon be here in all their glory, but the pleasure we get from them is by no means unalloyed. To the average family in large cities and towns, who are unable for financial or other reasons to spend a part of the hot season in the country, the picnic-party basket represents a great deal.

The basket may be old, or it may be new, but it should always be of generous proportions, for picnic time is eating time to everyone from the head of the house to the youngest member of the family. There are many different ways of preparing the lunch basket for the picnic party, but none is better than the one which meets the approval of those for whom the food is intended.

Pick out the most desirable location for your picnic party. Every town and city boasts of some nearby beauty-spot where nature has been lavish in its bounties of shade and water. If a place can be located that combines these qualities with an eye to business, so much the better. The real spirit of the old-fashioned picnic makes for a good romp in the open without being under the eyes of those unfortunate whose souls are so small that they spend the best portion of their time criticizing the way other people enjoy themselves instead of trying to obtain something out of life themselves.

Of course the old-fashioned picnic grounds are gradually giving way to the spirit of commercialism that is in the land. And the beauty-spots that the people love are becoming the bread and cheese providers of a vast array of gentlemen with an eye to business. Where formerly nature undisturbed was the attraction, now finds carnivals, dancing platforms, moving picture shows, cheap photograph outfits, popcorn and soft drink stands and such. It is the devotion of the spirit of the age and the young people enjoy it. The crowds flock there and enjoy themselves. But the very young, the middle-aged and the very

old are better off in the cool retreat far from the jostle and excitement of the crowded picnic resorts.

What are you going to take in the basket?

A good general rule to adopt is never to carry any food on an outing that is liable to mix things up. Many a good custard pie has run riot in the picnic basket and spoiled all the food. Pack everything soft in a sealed vessel, as well as any food that gives out a strong odor. For instance, if your husband likes roses and little Sussie cannot bear the smell of them, it is not necessary to make the little girl miserable by compelling her to eat onion-impregnated food.

Don't forget a liberal supply of lemons and sugar and a vessel of sufficient capacity for the lemonade. An old-fashioned picnic without plenty of lemonade would resemble a wedding without a bride.

Do not carry along the family table linen in an effort to do the thing up in grand style. Such a course adds a whole lot of stiff formality to what ought to be a carefree occasion. Things are bound to spill on the picnic table cover. Often a complete set of linen is ruined as the result of an outing. Newspapers spread on the grass form an admirable cover, while little paper napkins can be procured at a very low price.

And, above all, keep sunny throughout the lifelong day.

Spring Cleaning in the Justwed Home



IF Mrs. Justwed only hadn't mentioned it, everything would have been accomplished smoothly without the harrowing waves in the Justwed household being smote asunder and broken into little chunks of tempestuous atmosphere. Or if Homer-dear had been content to attend to his side of the family affairs and not butt in on Mrs. Justwed's realm of spring cleaning in the Justwed home would not have been worthy of note. But Mrs. J. did mention the subject—and Mr. J. promptly butted in.

"We're going to do our spring cleaning tomorrow and I sure do dread it," Mrs. J. had remarked quite casually at breakfast. "It's an awful job and I'm simply worn to frazzle!"

And Mrs. J. sighed a long, deep sigh of despair at trouble to come.

Mr. Justwed laid down his fork, heated a moment and then smiled—that superior, condescending, amused sort of a smile that is so exasperating to a woman, when it comes from her husband!

"Really, my dear," he observed, "the fuss and fume you women make over a little bit of work would be tragic, were it not so absurdly amusing. Spring cleaning! Heaven, it is a frightful thing, isn't it? Suppose I raged and ranted around every time I had a little bit of work to do at the bank! It's simply a case of the dog's bark being worse than his bite. You women wouldn't be able to do your spring house cleaning, I dare say, if you didn't talk and fret and worry about it for a week, at least, beforehand!"

"That is very unkind of you, Homer," Mrs. J. retorted, "very unkind—and very unfair. I am sure that if—"

"Enough!" commanded Mr. J. peremptorily. "Enough! Just to show you what a mountain you are making out of a mole hill I will be back home shortly after noon and do it all, if you'll tell me

what to do. The idea! A little five-room flat like this and all this fuss! I'll wager you I can clean up the whole thing in two hours!"

And Mr. Justwed sallied off for the bank majestically.

It was fully 11 o'clock before he returned, but he started in full of vim and vigor and even complained because Mrs. J. had already taken down the curtains in the living-room.

He pulled off his coat and collar, rolled up his sleeves and started in on the dining-room curtains. Perched high up on the stepladder Mr. J. whistled merrily and hummed snatches from the last musical comedy they had seen.

In a jiffy the curtains were down. Then he tackled the ones in the bedroom. Then he wiped his perspiring brow and concluded that he would rest a moment and drink something a little cooling.

Mrs. Justwed waited patiently, unmolested by the delay.

Fully a half hour passed before Mr. J. had gotten on the outside of the cooling beverages and finished smoking his pipe. Then he returned to the fray.

The curtains were dusted and carried out on the back porch to be aired. At Mrs. Justwed's direction Homer-dear next tackled the rugs, though it was quite evident that the exertion of wrestling with the curtain had put enticing thoughts of an easy chair and a book into his mind. But he didn't dare do anything else than wipe his fevered brow again and pitch in.

With impressive vim he seized the carpet sweeper, making wide and slithering sweeps up and down the rugs.

"Homer!" exclaimed Mrs. J., her womanly care and carefulness unable to stand it any longer, "do be careful how you run the sweeper! You can't push the chairs and the table out of the way by banging the sweeper against them!"

But Mr. J. worked on silently and with contempt for such distracting trifles. At last the sweeping, with the sweeper and also with the broom, was over, and Homer-dear sank into a chair exhausted.

"Come, Homer," insisted Mrs. J., "these rugs must be taken out on the porch and beaten."

Mr. Justwed climbed up out of the chair wearily and heaved the rugs over his tired shoulders. The dust from them stirred down his neck under his collar-band, and once he dropped a rug, deliberately and ruthlessly when a couple of cartloads of dust lodged in one eye.

"Now, Homer," said Blossom, when the last rug had been laboriously hauled out, "here's a stick. Beat them!"

"Huh!" gasped Mr. Justwed. "Beat them—?"

"Beat them—!" insisted Mrs. J. "Take the stick and beat the dust out of this rug hanging over the line."

"I will not!" Mr. Justwed snapped back. "I will not! You get a man to come to-

morrow and do it! I've got to get busy with the other things!"

"But that will cost at least a dollar," objected Mrs. J.

The exhausted Mr. Justwed went up in the air like a Wright aeroplane.

"Now, isn't that just like a woman's idea of economy?" he cried. "All of you women eternally strain at gnats and swallow camels! To hear you talk you'd imagine I was accustomed to digging trenches eight hours a day! I will not come on inside and get busy!"

Mrs. Justwed smiled—discreetly.

They went aside and Homer was put to work taking down the pictures and wiping the dust off and then washing them. It was an awful job—from Mr. Justwed's standpoint, which was on top of the ladder one minute and the next with his hands in a dirty, slimy pail of water.

At length the last picture had been washed and replaced on the wall. Mr. J. climbed down and dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief.

Mrs. J. didn't really wish to do so, but her sense of justice to herself and her side of the casual bell compelled her to remind her limp husband that there was more yet to be done.

"Now, Homer-dear," she urged quite gently, "we must wash each chair and all the woodwork."

"What?" shrieked Mr. J., fairly bounding from his seat. "Wash the chairs and the woodwork! I never heard of anything so absolutely idiotic in my life. I will not! They'll be dirty and dusty again by—"

"That's right, don't believe there's any dirt on them anyhow! And I would like to remind you, Blossom, that you are not playing this game square. I believe you're just trying to think of things for me to do—so you'll make your point. I thought you had more honest sporting blood than that!"

"Why, Homer," expostulated Mrs. J., "that is absurd!"

"Absurd!" bawled Mr. J. "You stand there and tell your husband he is absurd! Enough! I thought I could help you this afternoon with your work. Took the time from my business to do so! I'll bet you couldn't tell me what I've done to-day. And you don't appreciate it in the least! Absurd! Very well. Do it yourself, I'm through!"

And Homer-dear stormed out of the apartment, banging the door after him.

Mrs. Justwed tumbled down on the divan, overpowered with mirth that threatened to choke her. Suddenly she jumped up and ran to the open window and leaned out.

"Homer," she called to her frate husband who had just come out the front entrance of the apartment. "Homer, you'd better come back after your coat and collar. You're a sight!"

And Homer-dear came.

ARTISTIC DARNING.

DARNING is the bane of the average housekeeper's life, if she be a woman who is not fond of sewing. And the results of her halfhearted work in this direction are unattractive and awkward. For the woman who prides herself on her needlework, however, here is a valuable suggestion. Do not use silk or thread in darning tears or holes. Instead make use of ravelings from the material which is being repaired. With care and ingenuity these ravelings may be obtained from left-over pieces or from a straight edge somewhere in the garment. And it isn't necessary to open seams, either. If the darning is done with these ravelings the work can scarcely be detected, as the ravelings are, of course, of the same texture and color as the garment repaired.

CRAZE FOR JEWELRY

WITH the opening of the present season the craze for all kinds of jewelry is noticeable. The summer fashion plates all show women wearing enormous pieces, representing either an animal, a symbol or a society emblem. Even the unfortunate friends of the woman who has got the craze are likely to have their faces dragged into public oftener than they themselves would desire. For the latest thing in this class of jewelry is a brooch in the form of a frame, oval in shape, made either of gold, silver or tortoise-shell. My lady looks over the photographs of her friends, picks out the one which she considers the most desirable and uses it as an adornment at her neck.

The jewelers are catering to the craze, as they are bringing artistic ornaments within the reach of the smallest purses. What my lady wears, in gold and diamonds, is being manufactured for Belind in brass and paste.

The big earrings have taken better hold since the opening of the spring, and the manufacturers look forward to a very decided advance in the ear-ring business as the summer approaches.

New cuff ornaments naturally come with the introduction of the Grecian style of wearing the hair. These creations are elaborate and unique and are very popular.

Fashion decrees that the necklace is a necessary ornament. Many new designs are in the shops. A very pretty one seen recently gave the effect of a black ribbon woven in a gold chain.

ORDINARY INJURIES

MUCH annoyance and no little expense in doctor's bills can frequently be saved in ordinary, every-day injuries, if one only knows what to do at the right moment. There is a first-aid-to-the-injured remedy for all such misfortunes as something in the eye, in the nose, or in the ear, choking, insect bites, etc. If something gets in your eye while walking on the street, hold the eyelids as far apart as possible and then pull the upper one down as far as it will go, at the same time blowing the nose. As soon as possible bathe the eye in lukewarm water.

If some foreign substance has gotten up inside the nose, press the opposite nostril tightly shut and exhale forcibly through the obstructed passage.

If an ear obstruction is the trouble, a flushing with warm water should bring relief, or with olive oil if the obstruction be an insect.

The white of an egg unbeaten is an excellent remedy for chafing. If the sufferer be a child it is a good plan to hold him with his head down and beat him on the back lightly. An application of ammonia, baking soda or nut mud is a cure for insect bites, while whiskey should be administered at once if bitten by a snake. Vinegar and baking soda mixed should be applied to burns. An ordinary cut can often be stopped from bleeding by rubbing in hot water and witch hazel. The wound should then be washed clean and dressed antiseptically.

Mr. A. Good Fellow on the Why of It.

"OPEN!" answered Mr. A. Good Fellow, decidedly. "I can't see it from my standpoint—as far as I am concerned! And what's more, my dippy young Benedict friend, I can't see why any man 'll do it! The idea of giving up your freedom to become an everlasting cash register for a woman and being bossed around by her in addition. Uh-uh! Nothing do!—not for mine! And I ask you again—why do they do it?"

"I've only met one man who frankly admitted that he married his wife because he would be certain of a good dinner, a comfortable home and an easy chair—but he always was a cad and a fool. So I guess his case isn't the answer."

"The other side," said a party discussing connubial bliss and the why of a man's giving up single blessedness for it. One of the fellows said it was beauty that had turned the trick for him. There is doubt about it, but he has a beautiful wife—jolly, vivacious, entertaining. So her beauty is a little more, at least, than skin deep. Of course I didn't say it, but I couldn't help thinking that there are any number of women in the world more beautiful than his wife. Evidently he doesn't think so—so it was no place for yours truly to butt in.

"Just then Chap No. 2 piped up to the effect that beauty and dress and all these sort of gre-gre-gre weren't one-two-three with him. No-stree! He had married the girl that he did marry because of her practical common-sense, her cheerful optimism and her general sterling worth. All of which seemed mighty high-faluting and heroic and all that—but your Uncle William just couldn't help wondering if, once in a while, when he's indulging in a little necessary, foolish recreation, that fellow didn't find his wife's common-sense a hard thing to get around or side-step.

"Chap No. 3 was quite sure that his wife's business qualities had won him.

She'd been his stenographer for a while before they were married, and he'd had many opportunities to admire her promptness, honesty, precision, judgment and general business acumen. Finally he concluded that a woman who could manage things at the office so capably would be just the woman to preside over his home. Well—the does! He was right! She manages him and his business to a fare-ye-well!

"Good humor was cited by Chap No. 4 as the most likely tangible reason why he had decided to travel in double harness. And he told a touching little story of being caught in a drizzling rain away out on a country road without an umbrella. His wife never grumbled nor even whimpered—but trudged along, wet to the skin. I noticed, however, that the touching little episode happened before they were married. Otherwise his little tale might have set me to thinking hard. It struck me, though, that if his frau is so all-fired jolly and good natured he might have given a current illustration rather than go back into ancient history.

"Sympathy, it seems, caused Chap No. 5 to consider his bachelorhood single case. Sort of an involuntary proposal, you know. Found her all broken up one night about something or other—and well, he just couldn't stand to see her cry. Took her in his arms and—right away quick, just like that—had asked her to propose. Said he never regretted his choice either. But I got to wondering whether that of Consoler-in-Chief and Main Tear-Drier doesn't get tiresome after a while.

"Nope, no, I can't see why they do it. It sort of looks to me like it's simply a case of being Johnny-on-the-right-spot at the right time, with the girl who hands out the right bait in the right way. However, your Uncle William has concluded that he's going to keep on the left-hand side of the road."

SPRING FASHION NOTES

AS the sack coat is about the only average man universally by men in a summer time attention naturally centers upon it. This year there will not be much variety in its color. The coat will be made without padding and will fit very closely over the shoulders without artificial broadening. The lines of the figure are followed loosely without emphasis upon the curve of the waist. The bottom of the coat comes well over the hips and is medium full, without an exaggerated flare. Another style is the double-breasted sack suit, usually dark blue in color. There are no exaggerated features of lapels or buttons or turn-back cuffs.

Flannels this summer will be in rather bright colors. Purples and blacks and dark greens with stripes will be worn. From early indications it seems that the colored fancy waistcoat will again be in favor, though it has not been worn at all the past fall and winter.

Double entry bookkeeping was first used in the mercantile cities of Italy in the fifteenth century.

FOR PIPE SMOKERS

SMOKING a pipe is an art, though the average man does not know it. A few pointers are productive of much increased pleasure to the man who prefers a pipe to any other method of smoking.

Breaking in a new pipe, be sure to fill it with cold water for a moment before lighting. If this is done the first four or five times the pipe is used, a crust will be formed inside the bowl without burning the wood. When this same crust has become so thick that the interior of the bowl is very much smaller than it was at first, it should be cut out.

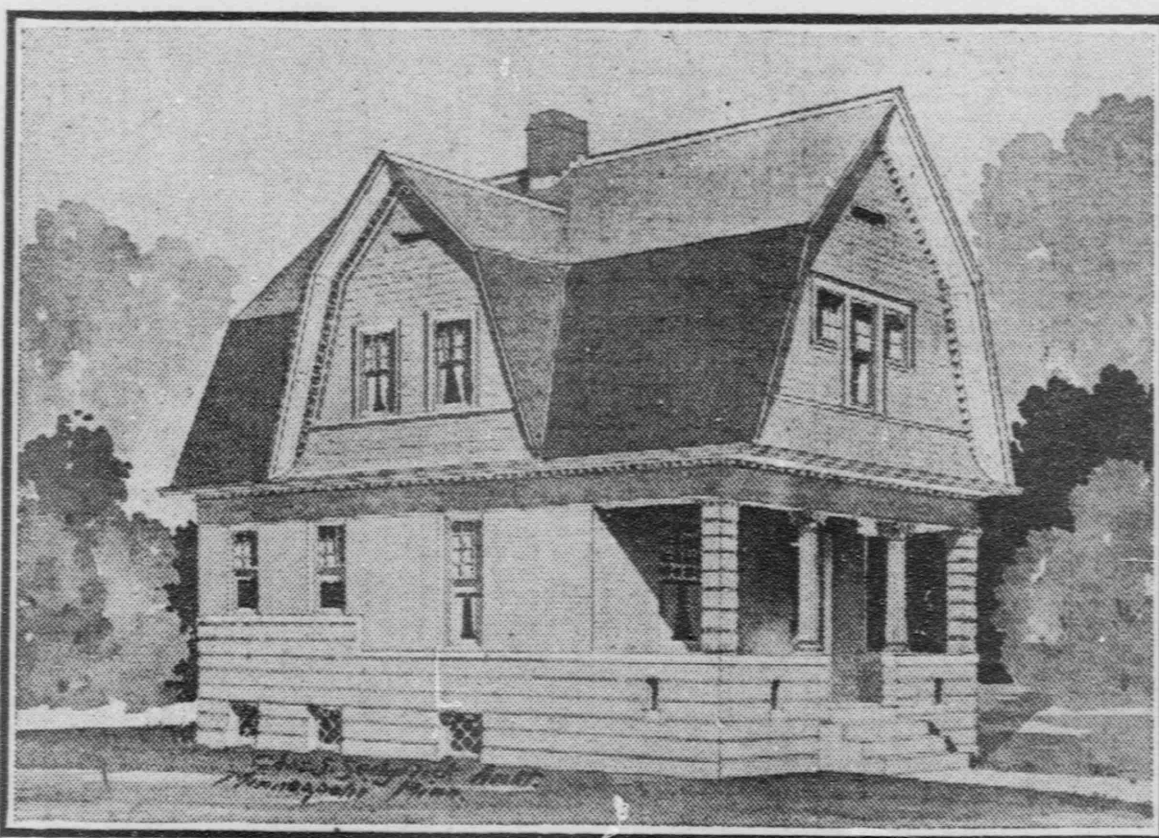
Do not smoke up all the tobacco in your pipe until it is well seasoned, but allow a little bit to remain in it, cleaning out from time to time.

Smoke your pipe slowly. The full flavor of the tobacco can then be enjoyed without the burning of the tongue resultant from rapid smoking.

When your pipe goes out, do not think that it needs re-lighting before lighting. The tobacco in it has not become stale. In fact, if you allow your pipe to go out several times while smoking it, your smoke will be all the more enjoyable.

A Gambrel Roof Brick Cottage for \$2,000.

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



THE size of this six-room brick cottage is 23 feet in width by 34 feet deep, including the front piazza. The construction is timber, the lower part being sheathed and veneered with brick, the brick carried out around the piazza with a stone cap on top on a line with the window-sills, the floor of piazza and the steps are of cement.

There are six rooms in this cottage, three on the first floor and three on the second, with one chimney arranged with

a fireplace in the living-room, a furnace and kitchen due, with a basement under the entire house. The appearance is substantial, snug and compact, and the shape is such with gambrel roof as to require the smallest amount of material in construction.

The finish of the first floor is in natural hard pine, or Washington fir, and the second story a painted finish, all floors of hardwood and polished. A good cedar-shingled roof, with the shingles stained green and the gables shingled and stained.

The cost of this cottage would be about the same, if the outside of the lower portion was covered with metal lath and cemented and the gables cemented.

The regularity of the outline is relieved somewhat by the gables on each side and the piazzas on the front and back, which are carried on the under side of the cornice and the two pretty fluted columns. The estimated cost is \$2,000, exclusive of heating or plumbing.

Fashions in Walking Sticks.

EACH season adds its several canonicities to the already numerous members of that family of masculine conceits. In fact, there seem to be as decided lines of fashion in walking sticks as in clothing, the hats, etc. In many European countries there are canes for use in the morning only, others for afternoon wear, and still others that are carried only when evening dress is worn.

Canes nowadays are made for all purposes and for all men. Many of them are suitable for offensive or defensive use, but the most of them are harmless toys made only to be carried by idle hands.

Character of the owner is often denoted by the kind of cane he uses. The man who is not heart a brute is generally seen

with a large, heavy stick. The timid man prefers a slight, delicate one. The clergyman carries a stick that somehow has a churchy appearance. And the cane of the most unimpeachable that it seems almost a part of him.

In past years the majority of canes have been made with a crook of embossed silver or solid gold or of the natural wood. This season, however, everything seems to be the straight cane with a round knob of gold or silver or a rather large size. One of the most expensive canes of the season is the one made entirely out of the horn of the rhinoceros. Others have only the rhinoceros horn handle. Many of the newest canes show knobs in the design of animal heads. The Amer-

ican eagle, the parrot, the bulldog, and even the monkeys seems to be most generally in use. Not infrequently they are colored from life. A cane that is certain will not be popular in this country is the one containing a thin sword-blade of Damascus steel or a stiletto. The feature of this year is that they are so thin and fine that one would never dream they contained a weapon for defense or attack.

He Knew.

Willie—Law, Paw, do all roses have thorns?"

Mr. Wise—Sure.

Willie—I don't feel any on these roses on Ma's hat.

Mr. Wise—You would if you had to pay for the hat.

Criticising the Man Higher Up.

NO difference what kind of business you're in, there is always a man higher up to whom you have to look for instructions. In every case you either like him or you do not. And every other employee in the business is either a friend of his, indifferent to him except as far as actual business is concerned, or a man who loses no opportunity to knock him. In fact, a truthful investigation in the average office employing a number of men will disclose the fact that about one-half of the force consider the highest employee in the firm a capable, efficient worker, while the other half are certain he is merely a bluffer, who has hypnotized the owner and gotten away with it.

Careful of your fellow employee who delights in telling you in secret all the alleged shortcomings of the man higher up in your firm. It is generally a plain case of jealousy with him. If you listen to him he will almost convince you that he himself is the man for the job. He tells you that every last employee of the firm dislikes Mr. So-and-So, the man higher up, and he will try his best to get you to compare yourself in the same way. Instance after instance will be brought to your attention, each one of them disparaging and possibly vindictive. After one or two meetings of this sort you will find that you have unconsciously associated yourself with a clique, all of whom are covertly antagonistic to Mr. So-and-So. Cliques in any business except a Socialistic propaganda, or a meeting of Laborator fishermen, are bad for the young employee who enters into them. You're in the business to perform the tasks your employer gives you. You

may have and are entitled to your own opinion of the employee whom he places over you. But this is your own affair, and the sooner you learn to keep your mouth shut about it, the better off you will be. An employee who gossips with a half-dozen of his fellow employees about what the man higher up did that he ought not to have done, etc., is no different from the woman gossip who tells all she knows to her neighbor over the back fence.

Many a man in charge of a department of a large business develops a case of "swelled-head" and becomes unfair and obnoxious to the men under him. He may be all that you think he is and all that the other men in the office say he is. But don't join the procession of knockers. A man in a mob is lost sight of, but the fellow who stands in the open with no one around him cannot be overlooked even though he may be throwing his money down a sewer. Attend to your work and strive to be transferred to another department or another firm, if the worst comes to worst. But don't knock the man higher up, for he has you in a position where you can't hit back.

The latest hobby of the Kaiser is Norwegian furniture and domestic decoration. He has ordered furnishings in this style for the hall of one of his palaces, and from a celebrated Norwegian artist has had plans for furnishing the new palace at Posen, which is nearing completion and is intended as a visible sign of German domination in the eastern provinces of Prussia.

